



**SERANGOON JUNIOR COLLEGE  
JC2 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2016**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**HIGHER 1                      8811/01  
PAPER 1:                      READING LITERATURE**

**TUESDAY    13 SEPTEMBER 2016            3 HOURS**

**TIME:                      0800 – 1100**

Additional materials: Answer paper

Set texts may be taken into the examination room. They may bear underlining or highlighting. Any kind of folding or flagging of papers in texts (e.g. the use of post-its, tape flags or paper clips) is not permitted.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, civics group on every answer sheet.

Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.

You may use a soft pencil for any diagrams or graphs.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

Answer **three** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

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**This question paper consists of 8 printed pages and 0 blank pages. [Turn over]**

**Section A**  
**Answer one question in this section**

1

- Either**      **(a)** Write a critical commentary on the following poem, considering in detail ways in which your response is shaped by language, style and form.

The Negro Mother

<p>Children, I come back today          To tell you a story of the long dark way          That I had to climb, that I had to know          In order that the race might live and grow.          Look at my face -- dark as the night --          Yet shining like the sun with love's true light.          I am the dark girl who crossed the red sea          Carrying in my body the seed of the free.          I am the woman who worked in the field          Bringing the cotton and the corn to yield.          I am the one who labored as a slave,          Beaten and mistreated for the work that I gave --          Children sold away from me, I'm husband sold, too.          No safety, no love, no respect was I due.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p>
<p>Three hundred years in the deepest South:          But God put a song and a prayer in my mouth.          God put a dream like steel in my soul.          Now, through my children, I'm reaching the goal.</p>	<p>15</p>
<p>Now, through my children, young and free,          I realized the blessing deed to me.          I couldn't read then. I couldn't write.          I had nothing, back there in the night.          Sometimes, the valley was filled with tears,          But I kept trudging on through the lonely years.          Sometimes, the road was hot with the sun,          But I had to keep on till my work was done:          I had to keep on! No stopping for me --          I was the seed of the coming Free.          I nourished the dream that nothing could smother          Deep in my breast -- the Negro mother.          I had only hope then, but now through you,          Dark ones of today, my dreams must come true:          All you dark children in the world out there,          Remember my sweat, my pain, my despair.          Remember my years, heavy with sorrow --          And make of those years a torch for tomorrow.          Make of my pass a road to the light          Out of the darkness, the ignorance, the night.          Lift high my banner out of the dust.          Stand like free men supporting my trust.          Believe in the right, let none push you back.          Remember the whip and the slaver's track.</p>	<p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p>

Remember how the strong in struggle and strife  
Still bar you the way, and deny you life --  
But march ever forward, breaking down bars. 45  
Look ever upward at the sun and the stars.  
Oh, my dark children, may my dreams and my prayers  
Impel you forever up the great stairs --  
For I will be with you till no white brother  
Dares keep down the children of the Negro Mother. 50

Langston Hughes

- Or (b) Write a critical commentary on the following poem, paying attention to the poet's use of language and style in conveying a sense of community.

anyone lived in a pretty how town

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
(with up so floating many bells down)  
spring summer autumn winter  
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men(both little and small) 5  
cared for anyone not at all  
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same  
sun moon stars rain

children guessed(but only a few 10  
and down they forgot as up they grew  
autumn winter spring summer)  
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
she laughed his joy she cried his grief 15  
bird by snow and stir by still  
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
laughed their cryings and did their dance  
(sleep wake hope and then)they 20  
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon  
(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess 25  
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
busy folk buried them side by side  
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
and more by more they dream their sleep 30  
noone and anyone earth by april  
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
summer autumn winter spring  
reaped their sowing and went their came 35  
sun moon stars rain

e.e. cummings

**Section B: *The Remains of the Day***  
**Answer one question in this section**

2

**Either**

- (a)** “The professional relationships of the novel are surrogates for denied personal fulfillment.”

How far do you agree with this statement?

**Or**

- (b)** Write a critical commentary on the following extract, relating it to Ishiguro’s presentation of self-awareness, here and elsewhere in the novel.

In the drawing room, the air was thick with tobacco smoke. Indeed, the distinguished gentlemen continued to smoke their cigars, solemn expressions on their faces, not uttering a word, while his lordship instructed me to bring up a certain exceptionally fine bottle of port from the cellar.

At such a time of night, one’s footsteps descending the back staircase are bound to be conspicuous and no doubt they were responsible for arousing Miss Kenton. For as I was making my way along the darkness of the corridor, the door to her parlour opened and she appeared at the threshold, illuminated by the light from within. 5

“I am surprised to find you still down here, Miss Kenton,” I said as I approached. 10

“Mr Stevens, I was very foolish earlier on.”

“Excuse me, Miss Kenton, but I have not time to talk just now.”

“Mr Stevens, you mustn’t take anything I said earlier to heart. I was simply being foolish.” 15

“I have not taken anything you have said to heart, Miss Kenton. In fact, I cannot recall what it is you might be referring to. Events of great importance are unfolding upstairs and I can hardly stop to exchange pleasantries with you. I would suggest you retire for the night.”

With that I hurried on, and it was not until I had all but reached the kitchen doors that the darkness falling again in the corridor told me Miss Kenton had closed her parlour door. 20

It did not take me long to locate the bottle in question down in the cellar and to make the necessary preparations for its serving. It was, then, only a few minutes after my short encounter with Miss Kenton that I found myself walking down the corridor again on my return journey, this time bearing a tray. As I approached Miss Kenton’s door, I saw from the light seeping around its edges that she was still within. And that was the moment, I am now sure, that has remained so persistently lodged in my memory – that moment as I paused in the dimness of the corridor, the tray in my hands, an ever-growing conviction mounting within me that just a few yards away, on the other side of that door, Miss Kenton was at that moment crying. As I recall, there was no real evidence to account for this conviction – I had certainly not heard any sounds of crying – and yet I remember being quite certain that were I to knock and enter, I would discover her in tears. I do not know how long I remained standing there; at the time it seemed a significant period, but in reality, I suspect, it was only a matter of seconds. For, of course, I was required to hurry upstairs to serve some of the most distinguished gentlemen of the land and I cannot imagine I would have delayed unduly. 25 30 35

When I returned to the drawing room, I saw that the gentlemen were still in a rather serious mood. Beyond this, however, I had little chance to gain any impression of the atmosphere, for no sooner had I entered than his 40

lordship was taking the tray from me, saying: "Thank you, Stevens, I'll see to it. That'll be all."

Crossing the hall again, I took up my usual position beneath the arch, and 45  
for the next hour or so, until, that is, the gentlemen finally departed, no event  
occurred which obliged me to move from my spot. Nevertheless, that hour I  
spent standing there has stayed very vividly in my mind throughout the years.  
At first, my mood was – I do not mind admitting it – somewhat downcast. But  
then as I continued to stand there, a curious thing began to take place; that is 50  
to say, a deep feeling of triumph started to well up within me. I cannot  
remember to what extent I analysed this feeling at the time, but today, looking  
back on it, it does not seem so difficult to account for. I had, after all, just  
come through an extremely trying evening, throughout which I had managed  
to preserve a 'dignity in keeping with my position' – and had done so, 55  
moreover, in a manner even my father might have been proud of. And there  
across the hall, behind the very doors upon which my gaze was then resting,  
within the very room where I had just executed my duties, the most powerful  
gentlemen of Europe were conferring over the fate of our continent. Who  
would doubt at that moment that I had indeed come as close to the great hub 60  
of things as any butler could wish? I would suppose, then, that as I stood  
there pondering the events of the evening – those that had unfolded and  
those still in the process of doing so – they appeared to me a sort of  
summary of all that I had come to achieve thus far in my life. I can see few  
other explanations for that sense of triumph I came to be uplifted by that  
night.

(Day Four, Afternoon)

**Section C: *The Duchess of Malfi***  
**Answer one question in this section**

3

**Either**     **(a)**     *"The Duchess of Malfi* illustrates the inevitable triumph of good over evil." Is this an apt assessment of the play?

**Or**           **(b)**     Critically comment on the following passage, relating your discussion on the portrayal of the Duchess here and elsewhere in the play.

ANTONIO	You have made me stark blind.	
DUCHESS	How?	
ANTONIO	There is a saucy and ambitious devil, Is dancing in this circle.	
DUCHESS	Remove him.	5
ANTONIO	How?	
DUCHESS	There needs small conjuration, when your finger May do it, thus - is it fit? <i>She puts the ring on his finger. He kneels</i>	
ANTONIO	What said you?	10
DUCHESS	Sir, this goodly roof of yours, is too low built, I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse, Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself, Or if you please, my hand to help you: so	
ANTONIO	Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness, That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms But in fair lightsome lodgings and is girt With the wild noise of prattling visitants Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure. Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim Whereto your favors tend: but he's a fool, That being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'th' fire To warm them.	15
DUCHESS	So now the ground's broke, You may discover what a wealthy mine I make you lord of.	20
ANTONIO	O, my unworthiness!	
DUCHESS	You were ill to sell yourself. This dark'ning of your worth is not like that Which tradesmen use i'th' city: their false lights Are to rid bad wares off. And I must tell you, If you will know where breathes a complete man - I speak it without flattery - turn your eyes, And progress through yourself.	25
ANTONIO	Were there nor heaven nor hell, I should be honest: I have long served virtue, And ne'er ta'en wages of her.	30
DUCHESS	Now she pays it. The misery of us that are born great, We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us: And as a tyrant doubles with his words And fearfully equivocates, so we Are forced to express our violent passions	35
		40

	In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path Of simple virtue, which was never made To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom, I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble. Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh, To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident, What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir, 'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man! I do here put off all vain ceremony, And only do appear to you a young widow That claims you for her husband, and like a widow, I use but half a blush in't.	45
ANTONIO	Truth speak for me: I will remain the constant sanctuary Of your good name.	60
DUCHESS	I thank you, gentle love. And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt, Being now my steward, here upon your lips I sign your Quietus est. ( <i>She kisses him</i> ) This you should have begged now. I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus, As fearful to devour them too soon.	65
ANTONIO	But for your brothers?	
DUCHESS	Do not think of them: All discord without this circumference Is only to be pitied, and not feared. Yet, should they know it, time will easily Scatter the tempest.	70
ANTONIO	These words should be mine, And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it Would not have savour'd flattery.	75
DUCHESS	Kneel.	

Act 1 Scene 1

**END OF PAPER**